200.

The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

The Birth of Christ.

The Shepherds worship Christ.

The Wise Men's Offering.

The Circumcision.

Joseph's Flight into Egypt.

Herod's Cruelty.

Christ baptized by John the Baptist.

A COPY of VERSES, humbly presented to all my worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES,

# Of Market Ward, in the Parish of St. James, Westminster,

By JOHN JONES, Beadle and Bellman, for the Year 1796.

(1819) PROLOGUE.

WHENE'ER a Play is first brought on the Stage,
(As many are in this dramatic Age)
A Prologue must be had, to please the Town,
Or else the Play will hardly e'er go down—
So without some such Bait, this humble Sheet
May not with your Applause so freely meet—
Your Bellman therefore, worthy Sirs, designs
To give, by way of Prologue, these few Lines.

On ST. MICHAEL.

ST. Michael, hail! to glorious thee 'twas given,
To head th' angelic Legions in high Heaven,
When Satan, and his curst rebellious Clan,
Form'd a most horrid, execrable Plan,
But lo! beneath thy Loyalty they fell,
And instant tumbled Headlong into Hell.
Their base Presumption led them to that Fate,
Which all such guilty Persons will await.

(1819) On ST. LUKE.

THAT great and good Evangelist, St. Luke,
By Inspiration penn'd a holy Book,
By which the Birth, the Life and Death, we find,
Of our great Lord, the Saviour of Mankind;
Painted his wond'rous Toil and bloody Sweat,
Which far surpassed every human Wit:
That Men to Christian Knowledge might attain,
And, by believing, sure Salvation gain.

(1819) On ST. ANDREW.

PERFIDIOUS Men! and thirsty after Blood!
How could you vilely render Ill for Good,
Follow the Dictates of your own curs'd Laws,
And crucify this Saint without a Cause?
The Man, who strove to lead into the Way,

(1819) On ST. STEPHEN.

THE holy Martyr, Stephen, boldly stood,
Confess'd the Faith, and seal'd it with his Blood,
Telling his Persecutors to their Face,
They were a faithless, unbelieving Race.
While round his Head the Stones incessant flew,
He begg'd the Lord to spare the murd'ring Crew.
Ye Christians, hence this great Example prize,
And pray, like him, to save your Enemies.

On ST. JOHN.

THE Jews enrag'd at what St. John had preach'd,
At once their Goodness and their Sense impeach'd.
His Doctrine happen'd not to suit, tho' plain,
For this they threaten'd Vengeance, but in vain:
This blest Apostle, firm in Faith, could smile
Both at the poison'd Cup and boiling Oil.
Who follows thus his Faith, shall surely be
Preserv'd in Time, and to Eternity.

On INNOCENTS DAY.

WHEN Herod found the Wise Men went their Way,
Nor came and told him where the Infant lay,
His wicked Purpose breaks at once to View,
He sends, and every tender Infant slew:
In Bethlehem, and all its Coasts around,
Is bitter Grief and woeful Slaughter found.
To fly was endless; Herod had decreed,
That under Two Years old all Males should bleed.

1810 On NEW YEAR'S DAY.

PREGNANT with grand Exploits! let radiant Fame
Spread wide around Britannia's fav'rite Name;
From Time to Time be echo'd in the Streets,
The Conquests of her Armies and her Fleets;
'Till France, crush'd by superior Pow'r, shall own

(1822) To my MASTERS.

MY worthy Masters, as on Bed you lie,
Think that the Time will come when you must die;
And as the Tinkling which my Bell doth make,
Does from the Sweets of Sleep your Bodies 'wake:
So the last Trumpet shall the same repeat,
And bring you to that awful Judgment-Seat.
Joyful you'll rise, provided you live well,
Nor mind that Trumpet more than this my Bell.

(1822) To my MISTRESSES.

LADIES, my Muse did much herself perplex,
How to address the fair, the charming Sex;
A Sex that is a kind of middle Nature,
Between an Angel and a human Creature;
Not made of common Dust, but Dust refin'd!
And fram'd to please and to delight Mankind.
May mutual Love and Happiness increase,
And all your Days pass in Health and Peace.

(1819) To the YOUNG MEN.

YOUNG Men, if you a Blessing fain would find,
First serve the Lord, his Precepts bear in Mind;
Keep his Commands while in your blooming Youth,
And guide your Footsteps by the Word of Truth.
Honour your Parents, see that you are just
In every Thing committed to your Trust;
And while you live do all the Good you can,
So shall you gain the Love of God and Man.

(1819) To the YOUNG MAIDS.

ATTEND, fair Maidens, to a Friend's Advice,
Consent ye not, when artful Men entice;
No Joy can equal that which Virtue gives—
No Sorrow can last long, whilst Virtue lives;
Be this your Care—preserve a virtuous Mind,

Herod's Cruelty.

Christ tempted by Satan in the Wilderneſs.

The Marriage in Cana.

Of our great Lord, the Saviour of Mankind;
Painted his wond'rous Toil and bloody Sweat,
Which far ſurpaſſed every human Wit:
That Men to Chriſtian Knowledge might attain,
And, by believing, ſure Salvation gain.

1819 On St. Andrew.

PERFIDIOUS Men! and thirſty after Blood!
How could you vilely render Ill for Good,
Follow the Dictates of your own curs'd Laws,
And crucify this Saint without a Cauſe?
The Man, who ſtrove to lead into the Way,
Your wand'ring Souls, which long had gone aſtray.

On St. Thomas. (1821

ST. Thomas, tho' appointed of our Lord,
One of the choſen Twelve to preach the Word;
And tho' inſpir'd, yet the Fleſh was frail.
As Man he ſinn'd, thus Nature did prevail;
For well he knew from Heaven his Maſter came,
And that the Great Jehovah was his Name.

1815 On Christmas Eve.

MY pretty Maids do each a Houſewife's Part,
And each be dext'rous in your ſing'lar Art:
Let not a Cobweb in your Houſe appear,
Nor yet forget to tap your Chriſtmas Beer;
See that your Pies and Puddings are well made,
Your Dairies minded, and your Poultry fed;
Set out the ſtanding Diſh for all that come,
And don't forget to give your Bellman ſome.

1817. On Christmas Day.

THIS Day records our bleſſed Saviour's Birth,
Rejoice with Chearfulneſs and holy Mirth;
No drunken Revels ſhould profane the Day,
But rather let your needy Neighbours ſay,
"Succeſs and Bleſſings to our Maſters be,
"Who hath refreſh'd us in our Poverty.
With thankful Hearts, and univerſal Mirth,
Still celebrate the Day of His great Birth!

He ſends, and every tender Infant ſlew:
In Bethlehem, and all its Coaſts around,
Is bitter Grief and woeful Slaughter found.
To fly was endleſs; Herod had decreed,
That under Two Years old all Males ſhould bleed.

1810 On New Year's Day.

PREGNANT with grand Exploits! let radiant Fame
Spread wide around Britannia's fav'rite Name;
From Time to Time be echo'd in the Streets,
The Conqueſts of her Armies and her Fleets;
Till France, cruſh'd by ſuperior Pow'r, ſhall own
How vain it is t' encroach on George's Throne.

On Twelfth Day.

THIS Night is ſpent in chuſing King and Queen,
When harmleſs Mirth and innocence are ſeen;
But ſome perhaps in what they wiſh may fail,
Inſtead of King and Queen, chuſe Draggle-tail:
As for my own Part, I'm not over nice,
I care not what I chuſe, ſo I've a Slice.

1812. On the King.

LONG may great George adorn the Britiſh Throne,
Whoſe innate Goodneſs o'er the World is known;
May he fruſtrate the Schemes of all his Foes,
'Till Victory ſhall bring us calm Repoſe;
And grant that all domeſtic Jars may ceaſe,
That we may live in Unity and Peace:
Long may he the Britiſh Sceptre ſway,
And all his Subjects chearfully obey.

1812. On the Queen.

OUR gracious Queen, our Monarch's dear Delight,
His boſom Partner both by Day and Night;
Whoſe Kindneſs ſoftens the Fatigues of State,
Which preſs the Boſom with ſuperior Weight;
Each loyal Subject joys, and gladly ſee
Their preſent Bleſſings multiply'd thro' thee,
In whoſe fair Progeny will ſtill be ſeen
Our gracious Monarch and his virtuous Queen.

And guide your Footſteps by the Word of Truth.
Honour your Parents, ſee that you are juſt
In every Thing committed to your Truſt;
And while you live do all the Good you can,
So ſhall you gain the Love of God and Man.

1819 To the Young Maids.

ATTEND, fair Maidens, to a Friend's Advice,
Conſent ye not, when artful Men entice;
No Joy can equal that which Virtue gives—
No Sorrow can laſt long, whilſt Virtue lives;
Be this your Care—preſerve a virtuous Mind,
And then a ſecret Bliſs you'll always find.

1819 On Crispin.

TO keep this Day the Craft all join together,
All true as Steel, and firm as is their Leather;
What Money's got this Day they know won't thrive,
Their Wax is harden'd, and their Awl won't drive:
But tho' from Work they let St. Criſpin paſs,
They labour very hard at Mug and Glaſs.

1812. The Bellman's Prayer.

ALMIGHTY God, to thee my Pray'r I ſend,
From ill Deſigns Britannia's Iſle defend;
Let not our Sins increaſe as does our Days,
But let us ſtrive in Time to mend our Ways.—
Sin is the Cauſe of all our Woe and Sorrow,
Who lives in Sin To-day may die To-morrow.
Swift-footed Time his Courſe doth run in haſte,
And each Man, rich or poor, Death's Cup muſt taſte.

1819 EPILOGUE.

WHEN firſt your Bellman, Sirs, took up his Pen,
Frighten'd to Death, he laid it down again;
He knew, and many an Inſtance ſerves to ſhew it,
That none could make, but what was born a Poet:
He ſoon reviv'd, and found upon Reflection,
That generous Perſons ſeldom gave Correction;
Urg'd on by this, he offers what you ſee,
And hopes you'll not refuſe the uſual Fee.

Baptiſt.

Chriſt's Entrance into Jeruſalem.

Stephen ſtoned.

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Where Club Orders, Catalogues, Tradeſmen's Cards, and Shop Bills, are neatly printed, at the moſt reaſonable Rates, and on the ſhorteſt Notice.

The Lord's Supper.

Judas betrays Chriſt.

Peter denies Chriſt.

Chriſt's Crucifixion.

The Reſurrection.

The Aſcenſion.